COSTLY INDIAN BASKETS.

HIGH PRICES PAID NOW FOR THE WORK OF PACIFIC COAST NATIVES.

Remarkable Growth of the Fad of Collecting California Indian Baskets in This Country and in Europe—Artistic Taste and Patient Labor Shown by Squaws in Their Work.

POMONA, Cal., July 9.—A grimy, frayed basket about the size and shape of a common round foot bathtub, woven with dried grasses by an Indian squaw several generations ago, was eagerly bought at San Diego the other day for $380. Fifteen years ago a Klamath Indian in northern California sold the basket for 50 cents, and seven years ago the same basket was sold for $40. Then it progressed in value at several sales by leaps of $10 and $20. It is prized by the Indian basket connoisseurs because of its extraordinarily fine weave and its unique coloring. No such basket has been made in thirty or more years, and its counterpart is unknown. It completes a collection of Indian baskets showing the evolution of textile art in an aboriginal tribe among whom the art of fine basket making is practically extinct. Last year a collection of some two hundred Indian baskets, representing twenty-two tribes, residing all the way from British Columbia to Yucatan, Central America, was bought by the curator of the Royal Museum at Vienna for $9,300. These and other similar facts have brought for the first time the attention of many persons to the fast-growing value there is in collections of old Indian baskets.

A widespread vogue has sprung up for collecting baskets from the Pacific Coast and Southwestern tribes. The Eastern tourists who spent last winter in California left many thousands of dollars out here in exchange for Indian baskets. No other fad has been taken up so vigorously by the people of the Pacific Coast, and few fads cost so much money to indulge. As for one's satisfying the ambition to form a complete collection of aboriginal fine art basketry, that is almost out of the question. A California Indian basket may be bought for $1.50 or $2, but it is not what a knowing basket collector cares for. The cheap modern specimens have heavy fibres and course stitches or strands, and have been made simply for the white man's money and in the shortest time. The Indian basket connoisseur will have nothing but delicately woven baskets with mellow colored markings and soft and flexible strands, yet so exquisitely put together that they have withstood hard usage, and hold water as well as a stone vessel. Such baskets were woven through weeks and months of infinite patience. They were the savage makers' masterpieces, and were designed to pass as heirlooms from generation to generation. They cost nowadays from $25 to $120 each, and each year adds to their value. Fifty or sixty baskets, each showing a stage in tribal handicraft, make a fair collection, but to get them together someone has to travel hundreds of miles up and down the Pacific coast to the reservations, to do a heap of talking and coxing among the remnants of the old tribes, and to spend a lot of money. Some Indian basket collectors in southern California have been adding to their textile treasures for a dozen years at an expenditure of diligent planning, hard travel and small fortunes, and despair of ever getting together a fairly complete collection.

A score of years ago there was no real collection of Indian baskets. The few stray specimens of aboriginal basketry that people owned were tossed on top shelves and in out-of-the-way places in homes here and there on the Pacific coast. There were specimens of baskets in some of the museums and public libraries in Oregon and California. Nearly every town had a few residents who picked up at different times Indian grass-woven baskets, and kept them as curious specimens of savage workmanship. Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, when she was in southern California getting material for her mission Indian story "Ramona," wrote several magazine articles upon the growing value of Indian basketry as the highest expression of savage art. Pacific coast journals and teachers took up the subject of collecting all the forms of baskets among Pacific coast tribes, ere the art was lost. Soon the collections which are now most nearly complete were under way in California and Oregon museums. Connoisseurs in basketry sprang up, extravagant prices for certain fine weaves were paid, and in every Pacific coast community Indian baskets became a means of home decoration.

Nowadays Indian-basket collecting is almost a mania in many communities on the Pacific coast. In hundreds of homes the parlor, library and chamber walls are draped with Navajo blankets, upon which are artistically arranged Indian baskets from tribes in California, Arizona and Oregon, of all shapes, colorings, degrees of aboriginal grime and varieties of weave. The sorry remnants of the once great tribes have exchanged the beautiful specimens of their ancestors' choicest handiwork for tin pails, glass jars and earthen crocks. No matter how battered, worn or grimy an aboriginal basket may be in these days, if it but have the soft browns or dull burnt reds that only the old squaws of California knew how to produce, and if its age is known to be anywhere from 40 to 100 years, almost any sum can be had from a connoisseur for it.

The Eastern tourists in California every winter were won by the beauty and variety of interest in Indian basket collections, and they carried the collecting passion back to their homes. The zeal of collecting Indian baskets has spread to Europe. In all the larger cities of the Pacific coast and the territories people employed by the wealthy basket collectors in the Eastern States and Europe are always in the market for specimens of aboriginal basketry. Some of the largest private collections of baskets on this coast comprise 120 specimens. The Campbell collection in Los Angeles comprises 138 baskets and is very complete. It has cost upward of $8,000, and, besides, it was made before the vogue made the weaves so costly. The more enthusiastic collectors seldom have dealings with the sellers of baskets in the curio stores of this region, preferring to go themselves out among the Pueblo tribes and to bargain for specimens that suit their fancy.

Basketry was the most developed art among some California aborigines. In some tribes it has been the sole art. A scientific collection of Indian baskets shows the gradual advance of a tribe from crudest ideas of textile art and beauty to a remarkable degree of taste in ingenious, graceful markings, flexible fine weaves and soft harmonious colorings. For instance, the Jewett collection of baskets from the Tulare tribe only shows how during about a century the basket makers developed a basket, which, in form, color and delicate, firm weave, cannot be equalled by any other people. Simply with grasses and reeds the old squaws expressed in weaving their ideas of the artistic and useful. Each tribe had its particular notions as to what was desirable and a connoisseur in Indian baskets knows at a glance the work or any tribe, and almost the time of the making of the particular specimen brought to him. The aboriginal basket makers got their patterns from nature. They imitated acorns, mesquite bean pods, pine cones, heads of artichokes and teasel burrs. Their ideas for basket marking and ornamentation were borrowed from the black marks on lizards and rattlesnakes, from the gay plumage of birds, from zigzag streaks of lightning and from the overlapping of branches on palm trees.

A good collection of Indian baskets shows wonderful inventive genius, fertility of resource and marvellous patience of the squaw weavers. On the hot, arid wastes of the Southwest, where water had to be carried long distances and stored for family use, the aborigine devised great baskets so tightly woven of grasses as to hold water, and at the same time be easy of carriage. The lightest, toughest and most flexible of materials were chosen for the manufacture. The basket became the all-important utensil in the life of the California and Southwest Indians. Food was cooked in grass-woven baskets. Water was heated and soup was made by heating stones and then putting them into the liquid in the basket. A bread of the flour of acorns and pine nuts was baked by placing a heated stone in the basket containing the dough. Baskets were used for gathering stores of acorns, mesquite and other wild seeds. Larger baskets were used for granaries. In them the season's supplies of dried nuts, fruits, seeds, grasshoppers and crickets were stored by the squaws.

There were other uses for baskets by the aborigines. Taught by the oriole the form of a nest for the young, the Indian mother wove in her finest handiwork and with infinite patience a basket nest for her brown baby. She lined it with the down of milkweed and soft fibres, as the oriole does. Then, when she had lovingly decorated it with bright feathers and bits of colored stones, she strapped the precious basket to her back. Mortars were used by all Indians for grinding nuts and seeds, but even this crude mill was not complete until the squaw had woven a rim of basketry and had cemented it to the mortar, so as to save all the food during the grinding. To winnow seeds from their hulls and husks other baskets came into use. Water jugs of finely woven grasses, ingeniously lined with an exudation of pine trees, were made by all thirifty Indian women, and some of them are as serviceable to-day, after several generations of hard use, as they were when fashioned. As the family increased more baskets were necessary—strong, heavy ones for the storage of grain and nuts, others light, water-proof and substantial for the storage of the animal skin clothing, when the season of heavy rains came.

Alone in the forest or out on the edge of a lonely waste, woven grass articles came into use in every phase of the Indian's life. Flat plaques a yard in diameter and as smooth as a table were woven for tribal gambling purposes. Bucklers were made by the hundred, and the squaws vied with one another to produce for their husbands or lovers armor so strongly woven that it would resist the most violent assault, and withal so beautifully decorated that its wearer would be the pride of the tribe. There were grass-woven hats, moccasins and saddles. The variety of the Indian textile articles, the infinite number of shapes, the many kinds of texture and the uncountable styles of decoration all form an interesting study in the evolution of savage æstheticism and handicraft.

The wealth and standing of an aboriginal family were known in the tribe by its quantity of baskets, and the character of the squaw and her girls rested on the quality and ornamentation of the baskets. A woman who could weave a handsome, shapely basket as large as a barrel so finely that it could hold water for a month without seepage was the jewel of the tribe. There were several squaws in the Tulares of the San Joaquin Valley and Klamaths of northern California who could do that. It took from six to nine months to finish the work. The average finely woven basket had thirty strands to the linear inch. Occasionally there was a squaw who wove more than forty strands of twisted grass to the inch. They are marvels of skill in weaving and are worth their weight many times over in gold. The Field Museum in Chicago has a Modoc basket holding about a quart that was woven fifty-seven strands to the inch. It is without a counterpart. Nowadays the Indians seldom weave baskets of more than ten to the inch.

There's a wide difference between the old-time California Indian baskets and the baskets that are made to-day. The former were the heirlooms of a savage race. The latter are made as quickly and cheaply as possible. Formerly a squaw would spend a whole day in twisting and exquisitely weaving a square inch of grass basketry and for weeks would she compound her dyes with laborious care. The old-time California Indian basket is to modern basketry what Irish point lace is to machine-made lace curtains. Nowadays the white man's ideas are put into the weave. These baskets are porous, rough and coarse in strands, while dyes bought at the store are good enough. Besides, the peculiar grasses that made the soft, pliable and marvellously durable baskets of early days have disappeared with the white man's farming operations on the Pacific Coast and the retreat of the Indians back from the coast toward the mountains.

Before the Indians began making baskets for money there were probably no two baskets alike. The weavers delighted in forming baskets of all forms suggested to them by nature. To-day they might start a basket shaped like an ant hill; to-morrow a shell from the seashore would be imitated, and later a shrub, a turtle or a bird's nest might be the patterns. The ingenious shapes and sizes of the baskets in almost any good collection of California Indian baskets are astonishing. Then the original decorations of the textile products show a remarkable instinct for harmonious color effects. Some baskets from the masters in the textile art were designed and colored from flowers, leaves, the bark of trees and rocks. The coloring is sometimes in dark browns, black and red, admirably graded, so that some of the baskets appear to have the rich tints of a finely colored meerschaum pipe. Such tinting is particularly apparent in the older and finer baskets now dear to the collectors.

Some of the baskets of the Indians of northern California, especially those of the Modocs, have feathers or bits of bright cloth woven into them, frequently the rich red of the great woodpecker predominating, while around the edge are the beautiful plumes of the California quail. In some of the old baskets the surface was originally covered with red feathers, while circular beads of bone were woven in around the edges, each piece representing in our coinage a value of about 12 cents.

The material of the textile artists varied according to the locality on the Pacific Coast. The tule grass, *Juncus robustus*, is commonly employed, the Techahet Indians using it almost exclusively. This grass was collected and dried, and what were often thought to be brushes by strangers were merely bunches of this tule prepared for the weaver's use. A tall, thin grass, *Vilfa rigens*, was used as a body of the coil, about which pieces of the juncus were wound. Such of the latter as were intended for ornamentation were dyed black by steeping in water portions of *Sueda diffusa*, and a rich yellowish brown was produced in a like manner from the plants *Dalea emoryi* and *Dalea polyadenia*. The bottoms of large baskets were often strengthened by the introduction of twigs of *Rhus aromatica* or aromatic oak.

The Klamath and Modoc Indians of northern California were famous basket makers, the baskets being constructed by the twined method and being flexible, yet watertight, hence furnishing the name water baskets often given to the work. Some of them, like the Eel River tribe, produce a coiled and whipped structure, the coil often double, with two rods or osiers carried around in it instead of one; while in the baskets of the Tinne Indians the osier is overlaid with a strip of yucca or bark. The ornamentation is accomplished by weaving in black rootlets or bark in a pattern of squares or other attractive designs. A very coarse, highly colored basket often found in California, made of a bundle of yucca, is the work of the Coahuila Apaches. The sewing is done with splints of various natural colors, resembling reed cane. The ornamentation is often a series of chestnut-colored crosses or series of rhomboids inclosing triangles of another tint. Many of the fine large baskets, with intricate ornamentation and human figures introduced, are made by the Tokut Indians, and these rank as the most elaborate examples of this Indian industry.

The introduction of extraneous substances into Indian basketry, such as beads, shell and feathers, came at about 1810. The Pomos reached the highest perfection in this form of decoration, but the feather work of all the northern California tribes proves the uncommon delicacy of the native taste. No inharmonious colors are used, and while the splendor of the color seems to have answered every demand, this was often enhanced by contrast. When the Russian explorers came down the Pacific coast they were struck with the rare artistic skill of the red people, and many specimens of the Indian feather ornamented baskets were sent to St. Petersburg. One of the most notable examples of elaborate feather ornamentations of basketry is a baby basket in the State library at Sacramento. It is almost covered with the down of woodpeckers' scalps, among which are many loops of string beads. Around the rim of the basket is a row of little black quails' plumes exquisitely arranged. The harmony of coloring is surprising. More than 200 woodpeckers were sacrificed in the making of this basket. A squaw was busy with the basket and its ornamentation at times for three years.

When President Harrison and his party were in California in 1891 an old chief of the Pomos gave Mrs. Harrison a marvellous textile creation of his mother some sixty years before. The basket was the size of a common dairy milk pan, and its shape was like the shell of a sea urchin. From rim to bottom the outer side of the basket was a solid sheen of purple and gold—the reflection of the plumage of tropical birds woven into the strands of twisted grasses with extreme patience and rare native taste in color. Closer examination of the basket showed that the deep dark greenish plumes of the summer duck of California had been worked in so closely that not a particle of the sustaining mesh was to be seen, the effect being a soft, uniform background set off by the zigzag lines of the more brilliant plumes of the mountain lark. The top of the basket was a solid sheen of the breast plumage of the Oregon oriole in several soft shades. The colors were blended like pigment from a deft brush. The rim was encircled with pearly wampum woven in so intricately and strongly that one would have to cut and ravel the stitches and strands to disengage the bits of pearl. The Pomos said the basket's construction, first and last, had occupied much of the squaw's time for several years.

The old-time Indian basket makers gave almost as much time and thought to selecting the materials for their artistic creations as to the slow process of hand-weaving and ornamentation. Except her children, there was nothing so dear to a squaw's heart as a textile product of her own making that attracted attention because of its intricate texture and perfect copy of nature's form and coloring. Weeks were spent by the artistic squaws in seeking through the woods before the sap had gone and the pliable roots had hardened, for the proper fibres for the framework for her annual basket. They knew the exact season and the very spots where the grasses grew for the plastic bands, stitches and strands for their weaving. For the larger and tougher baskets, which were to have extra hard usage, the foothills and lower mountain sides were searched for the *Carex mendocinensis*. This material went into the frames, and the stuff was so carefully selected and tightly woven, that some granary baskets are to-day as durable, as attractively colored and impervious to water and weather as they were seventy years ago, even after they have had rough usage for years in Indian camps.

The roots and grasses were gathered in great bundles and carried on the squaw's shoulder to a stream of running water. There the squaws separated each bit of material and laid it to soak in shallow water. The grasses remained in the water so many days, the roots a certain number of weeks. There was no guess work about it. Long experience told the Indians what treatment to give their textile materials to have them at their best for weaving. If allowed to soak too long, the grasses became too brittle for lasting basketry; if for too short a time, the stitches could not be tightly woven and the dyes would weaken the pliability. The squaws knew exactly when the roots, the grasses and the fibres of sapling twigs were ready for the weaving. Then began days of hard, patient toil while the bark was stripped from the roots and twigs. It was labor that involved tooth and nail.

Then came the slitting of the root fibres. Often they were cut with bone knives as fine as the catgut strings of a violin. It was wonderfully dextrous work, and no white person would have been content to perform such exacting patient labor for days at a time. When thousands of tiny root fibres had been split and dried just enough to retain their pliability, the squaw turned her attention to the grasses. Some baskets required four or five varieties for the weaving. These were sorted out with infinite care. Some were split and some were worked through the squaws' hands and oiled for hours so as to give them greater flexibility. Every grass was chosen for its particular place in the weave. A jointed and rough blade of grass was discarded. The least imperfection in the splitting of a grass blade made it unfit for use by some fastidious oasket makers. When the materials were prepared according to the taste of the squaw the work of weaving began. With her bundles of split root and twig fibres, and her heaps of selected and prepared grasses by her, the squaw squatted herself in a spot remote from interruption and inquisitive eyes, and began her work. First, there was the frame work for her artistic conception. A few days usually finished the fashioning of the ribs of the basket with root fibres. In beginning a basket a central stalk was made and the grass wound about it and coiled, fastened by fibres passing through holes made for the purpose with a pointed bone or metal awl. This was the commonest method employed. Taking as many grasses as her work required, the squaw wrapped the root fibres deftly around the grasses for the initial coil. The work was evenly and firmly done. Sometimes two or three full days were required even in this. In the second coil the fibres were passed through each turn of the first coil as the winding and twisting of the weave progressed, thus creating a system of strands or stitches. Provision was made for variation in size and shape of the basket on the same principle as is used in knitting or crochet work. Bone needles were used to hold the frame work when the weaver left her work.

Day after day the slow, patient weaving proceeded. Coil after coil was woven with grasses—each chosen for its particular place and use—and the coils were stitched together. Each time the Indian woman lashed the coil she pierced the stitch in the preceding row with a bone awl and threaded the framework through. She drew it tightly into place, thereby making a locked stitch, which is watertight. This was done so that if it were possible to draw out the coil the shape of the basket would be preserved. When the last coil of the bottom was done the decoration began. Then the strip of grass was laid on, lashed in place, then turned back again and lashed again, held in place each time by a spruce throng. This lapping back and forth gave it its name and also placed all the ornamentation on the outside. The work was exceedingly difficult, and one round of a large basket or three of a small one meant a hard day's work for an experienced basket maker. The last round was dextrously woven. Sometimes the finishing was plain and sometimes scalloped. The finish was calculated to withstand the rough usage of the mountains and plains, on the sides of horses and the backs of women and in the loading and unloading of canoes. Small wonder that these baskets last a lifetime or two.

CHICAGO'S QUEER POSTAL DISTRICT.

Four Carriers Whose Work Is Wholly Within a Ground Area of 70 by 400 Feet.

From the Chicago Tribune.

The smallest postal district in the world is under the roof of the Monadnock Building at Jackson, Dearborn and Van Buren streets, in Chicago. The building alone comprises a separate and distinct district in itself. At the same time the volume of business there is the largest of any of the sub-stations or even districts in the city, save that of the Board of Trade station. In this immense seventeen-storied structure, which covers the small ground area of 400 feet long by 70 feet wide, nearly 6,000 people occupy the 1,200 rooms. When it is considered that the population of many towns covering many miles of area do not reach that figure, some conception of the population of the Monadnock Building may be had. The comparison is a striking one, and serves to show what a large number of people can be crowded into a small space. It is also an example of the economy in ground space that has come to be necessary in this commercial age. And out of this economy has come the system of skyscrapers that the larger cities, and especially Chicago, have been forced to build.

The Monadnock postal district was established on May 1, though a money order, stamp, and registered letter station was established there more than two years ago to meet the demands made by that section of the downtown district. Prior to May 1 the deliveries of mail in the building were made by carriers working out of the central station at the foot of Washington street, on the lake front. They would have to route their mail at the main office and then carry it to the Monadnock Building. The rapid increase in the volume of mail overburdened the carriers to such an extent as to cause the frequent use of auxiliary service, and the expenditure of money in car fare allowance in transporting the heavy mails from the central station to the building. In order to relieve the situation an investigation was made, resulting in the recommendation by Supt. Garrity to Postmaster Charles U. Gordon that the four carriers serving in the building from the main office be transferred to the Monadnock station, and that the mails be despatched to them by wagon messenger. This recommendation was approved by Postmaster Gordon. The building thereupon was made a separate district and the carriers were transferred on May 1. The schedule of the wagon service was arranged so as to make close connection with the carriers' deliveries. It provided for sixteen despatches daily from the central office to the Monadnock Building and twenty from the building to the central office, except on Sundays, when the number is only three to and two from the sub-station and district.

The carriers' schedule in the building provides six deliveries every day except Sunday, and is so arranged as to enable the men to begin their deliveries practically the same time as they did when serving from the central station. In these six deliveries the carriers distribute on an average 25,000 pieces of mail daily in the great office structure. At least 75 per cent. of the mail received there for delivery is addressed without room number. The difficulties and delays that would naturally grow out of this condition can readily be seen. The carriers who serve the district are old ones, however, and have reduced the apparent drawback to a minimum. Seldom is a mistake made in the distribution.

Long training and service in the Postal Department have made these carriers adepts, establishing a system that insures accurate delivery of mail to the persons to whom it is addressed. Every old or new occupant of the building is known to them. And when a new person comes into the building, no matter how humble or high in position, he gets his mail promptly. Such names are secured by the carriers on their respective floors and added to the list. Those who leave the building are also kept up with and their mail is forwarded to their new addresses. In fact, the district, though small in area, is a separate and distinct post-office in itself, and the same routine is found there as in the central office. It only differs in degree.

COMMON DEFECTS OF VISION.

Reasons Why Persons Having Any of Them Should Use Glasses.

From the Youth's Companion.

The three defects of eyesight which are most commonly encountered in otherwise healthy persons, and which can be more or less perfectly overcome by means of glasses are near-sightedness, far-sightedness and astigmatism. These are all important, for, besides the discomfort and annoyance of imperfect sight, the involuntary efforts which the sufferer makes to see better strain the eyes, and not only injure them, but also give rise, through reflex action, to headaches and various nervous disturbances.

Near-sightedness, short-sightedness, or myopia, as it is variously called, is a condition of the eyeball—usually a lengthening—in consequence of which the rays of light are brought to a focus in front of the retina, and so the object is blurred.

This condition may exist from birth, but is usually the result of too much and too early use of the eyes, as in the case of students, engravers, women who do fine sewing, and so forth. Thus we may say that putting children to work at some of the kindergarten exercises, such as perforating and drawing, is in a double sense a short-sighted procedure.

Many near-sighted people refuse to wear glasses, preferring to deprive themselves of sight for everything beyond the nose rather than to injure their personal appearance, as they think. This is another short-sighted policy, for, besides losing much of the joy of existence which comes from seeing the beautiful things about and above us, such persons are very liable to suffer from inflammation of the eyes produced by constant strain.

A less common defect is long or far-sightedness or hypermetropia. This is the opposite of myopia, the eyeball being flattened or shortened and the rays of light consequently not coming to a focus by the time they reach the retina.

In this case the eye often corrects the defect more or less successfully by making the crystalline lens more convex, but it does this at the expense of the sufferer's nervous force, and so we often find tired and congested eyes, headaches, indigestion and even serious nervous affections. The effort to correct the vision is entirely involuntary, and can be overcome only by the fitting of suitable convex glasses.

The third and most common defect is astigmatism. In this condition there is some irregularity of the surface of the eye or the lens, by means of which the image as it reaches the retina is distorted. Untreated astigmatism is a frequent cause of headache and other nervous disturbances. The only relief is the wearing of glasses, at least while reading writing or whenever near objects are looked at.

SHOPS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

FASHION IN WHICH THE NATIVES CARRY ON BUSINESS.

The No-Change Trick by Which Soldiers Are Robbed—Chinese Merchants Shrewd and Businesslike—Blackmail by a Turk and His Wife—A Transaction in Rice.

BINALBAGAN, Negros, P. I., June 2.—The native fashion of transacting business would drive an American business man bankrupt and bald to Bloomingdale in thirty days. That is, they would providing an American could be found to adopt them.

The first stumbling block that an American falls over when he attempts to do business with the native storekeeper is the fact that the storekeeper never has any change. An American goes into a native store and planks down a peso ($1, Mexican) and asks for a package of native tobacco. The usual price is 40 cents, Mexican. The native looks at the peso, rings it on the counter, looks at the dozen packages of the required article on his shelves and then shoves his hand into a nearly empty money-drawer. Finally, after rubbing the palm of his hand several times over the bottom of the money-drawer, he withdraws it and exhibits three dukkos in change. A dukko is equal to one and one-fifth cents, Mexican. Then he calmly offers the three dukkos in lieu of the 60 cents, Mexican, due as change, and reaches half hopefully for the peso. When the American declines to transact business on that basis, the native shrugs his shoulders, gives a sigh of resignation and says:

"No more change."

The idea of going over to the market place, or the cockpit, or a gambling house, or a tuba joint to get change apparently never enters his head. If there is any running after change to be done, he evidently expects his customer to do it.

Every once in a while a fresh and newly arrived recruit runs up against this no-change custom, and then as a rule there is trouble. In the first place a newly arrived recruit is usually in a perspiration and a hurry, and what he wants he wants right away. His pulse hasn't adjusted itself to the gait of the torrid zone. He falls breathlessly into a native shop and demands a package of native tobacco. The native shopkeeper smiles and smiles and smiles, and in the course of ten minutes produces the tobacco. The recruit bangs a peso on the counter and shouts for 60 cents, Mexican, change in a hurry. The native goes through the stereotyped search of his money drawer. He knows that there isn't 60 cents there beforehand. But the search is part of his system. Finally he says: "No change." The recruit grabs his peso and says jauntily, American style: "All right. I'll pay you next time I come this way. So long."

At this the sleepy native suddenly wakes up. He doesn't understand the credit system, except from one side. Credit with him means, "Heads I win, tails you lose." His smiling face darkens as if a cloud had passed between it and the blazing sun outside. He is outside the counter at a bound and is clutching at the package of tobacco under the recruit's arm. Now the recruit wants that tobacco and he is in a hurry. So instead of giving up the tobacco he reaches in his pocket, pulls out the peso and tossing it indifferently on the counter says good-naturedly: "All right. If you won't trust me I'll trust you. You owe me 60 cents, Mexican. Savey? Take a good look at my mug, for I expect you to pay me the next time I come. Adios."

The native's face is wreathed in smiles now. He wants to shake both hands, and to put one arm around the recruit's neck and pat him on the back with the other hand. And he wastes enough energy in bows to earn an honest day's wages. But the recruit shakes him off in disgust and goes his way. Three days later the recruit drops into the store. The native is all smiles until the recruit says incidentally:

"Pap [the soldiers nickname all natives after Papa Isio], you debo [owe] me 60 cents, Mex'. If you've got it, I want you to pay up. If you've got bottled beer I'll take it out in that."

But the native's face has suddenly become a blank and he says, "No savey." Finally, when it is put so plainly that he cannot pretend to misunderstand, he has not the faintest recollection of the transaction. Right at that moment there is usually a sound as if some hired man in the neighborhood had knocked the head out of an empty barrel, and a dapper little native turns a half somersault and lands in a heap of his own empty beer bottles. Dogs bark, babies yell, women scream, and native men rush into the store and run around in circles and all talk and gesticulate at once. Finally some one fishes the storekeeper out of his bottles and ties up his head in a big wad of bruised leaves. Then his wife and several of his female relatives go to the quarters of the commanding officer of the American troops. The women each take along two half-naked babies. When they get to the officer they all talk and gesticulate at once. Of course the babies, who are held upside down and any other way, howl louder than ever. The officer, unless he is a very Daniel, gives the recruit sixty days in the guardhouse without hearing his side. It would be impossible to hear that or anything else while the native witnesses are present. Sixty days later the recruit is released. He is wiser and not in so big a hurry by that time.

Now this same native when his daughter gets married will keep open house for the whole town for three days and nights. Everybody is invited, including the four or five American soldiers who have been good-natured enough to permit this particular native to swindle them. There is dancing all day and all night, the native brass band, if there is one, being constantly in attendance. The dining table will groan under an abundance of everything eatable and drinkable and smokable, that the market affords. For three days and nights the town eats, drinks and makes merry at this native's expense. How he manages it I've tried in vain to find out. It is my opinion that he goes in debt for the balance of his life for his daughter's wedding. He must mortgage himself. I can't see any other solution. And all this merry-making, the bride's satin gown and white veil, the youthful bridesmaids, the huge wedding cakes and papa's and mamma's grief over losing their darling daughter, are frequently in honor of an old woman—35 years is old here—the mother of a big family, who has been living for twenty years with the man she has now married. They have been waiting all these years for the family purse to get fat enough to enable them to marry in style. And now they are happy. The day after the close of the festivities papa's two younger daughters show up at American quarters at meal time with empty tomato cans in which to collect the leavings from the soldier mess.

The Chinese storekeeper is a leach, a robber and a gold hoarder, but he is really the only business-like business man on these islands, and he is also the most honorable. He will pay his debts. When he has once satisfied himself that you will pay your debts he will extend the most liberal credit. But he is well informed and hard to deceive. Take the case of a soldier. He will tell by a glance at a non-com's chevrons, within a dollar or two of his monthly pay. The man who gets credit from one Chinaman may rest assured that every other Chinaman in the pueblo knows the exact amount of that credit in the course of an hour. He also works the no-change scheme, but unlike the native, not for the purpose of perpetrating a bold steal, but in order to get you back to his store in the hope of making additional sales. As a matter of fact I believe that the Chinaman was the originator of the no-change racket. His scheme is to corner all the small change and thus force trade to his door through the inability of other dealers to make change at all. Certain it is, that when John sees that his no-change talk is endangering a sale he will promptly produce change for any piece of money you can produce. If you permit John to owe you the change you need not worry about it. He will remember a creditor's face and the amount for years, but if possible he will jolly him into taking it out in trade.

The Filipino storekeeper is bad enough, but the Turkish trader in these islands out-devils the devil. He does his work behind the petticoats of a wife who is like the original snake from the Garden of Eden crossed with a tiger. There was a Turkish trader at Isabela when I was there. One day I dropped into his store. The Turk was suave and smiling and anxious to do business. Directly his wife came in. She was a hideous hag of 40. I once asked her where she lived when a girl and she answered "Port Said." She speaks French. She came into the store this time with her things on, ready to go out. She no sooner saw me than she grabbed me and began to jabber vile French and worse Visayan, mixed with unprintable English profanity.

Did I know Private Blank? she demanded, and she named a good fellow who occasionally takes a bottle too many of beer. "Yes! Well, yesterday he came here tipsy and got two bottles of beer and left without paying. I now go to the Commandante to have him put in the guardhouse. He is your comrade. You will pay for him. Is it not so?"

I was new then. I could see two months' staring poor Blank in the face. So I paid the two pesos and didn't even ask for a receipt. That evening I told Blank about it. He promptly produced a witness who had been with him throughout the previous day and who testified that Blank had paid for everything he had bought at the Turk's. I pocketed my loss and determined never to cross that Turk's threshold again. The next day I was passing the Turk's store. I was walking in the middle of the street, which is as wide as a street in an American country town. The Turkish hag rushed out of her den and grabbing me and endeavoring to hold me by main force, demanded two pesos, which she declared I owed her, under penalty of a report to the commanding officer. Her husband, a big smiling lout, stood in his store door and grinned at my discomfiture. Without any particular effort to be gentle, I shook her off. Then I stood in the door of a Chinese shop, a few steps down the street and watched. She assaulted six soldiers in succession in the same fashion.

This sort of thing, of course, soon drove all soldier trade from their door. But on the following pay day the Turkish hag was on hand. She stopped and accused every American who passed of being her husband's debtor, and he stood in his shop door and nodded approval. Meanwhile the detachment commander had announced that he would entertain no further complaints from Turks or alleged Armenians. This left the hag with no other resource but violence, to which she soon resorted. After half a dozen futile attempts at blackmail, she suddenly attacked one man with tooth and nail. With her nails she tore great strips from his face. Not wanting to strike a woman, however vile, he put out a hand to push her away. She grabbed the fingers in her mouth like a rabid dog, biting them to the bone, and biting clean through two fingernails, causing their loss. Just then a practical minded corporal happened along and knocked her down. Her husband looked on. The Turkish traders and their Port Said hags add to the excitement of life over here, but we would like to trade 'em for a few decent American shopkeepers. When, oh! when, Mr. Enterprising Yankee, will you come? We'll buy wooden nutmegs or any other old thing from you, if you will come.

The Spaniard, by the way, very seldom keeps shop. He goes in for sugar and rice plantations, and in addition to the enormous profit that is honestly in the business wrings additional pesos from his sweating laborers.

In a former letter I told of the big profits to be made in the buying and shipping of rice from this island to the nearby market of Iloilo. Of course, the big plantation owners ship their own rice and make these profits themselves. But there are thousands of natives who raise a small rice crop. Unlike the sugar business, a large capital is not required. But these small rice growers cannot own or charter lorchas (sailing vessels) and consequently are at the mercy of the rice buyers. The only native I place any confidence in, Rostico Rosado, is a rice buyer, and the fairest of the lot. Old Pap, a rascally native who runs a public house in Isabela, is another. I've carefully watched his system for months.

A native rice grower brings in his crop to-day. He and his family and all his farm help come together. They bring the rice on carabao sleds. On each sled is a big basket, a mammoth affair, as big as a vat, and unlike anything you ever saw in the States. These people are wonderful basket makers. They'll actually make a water-tight basket house. Their basket trunks are waterproof. These big baskets are full of rice. The whole caravan camps in the street in front of Pap's and the dickering begins. After twenty-four hours of talk and wild gesticulations Pap agrees to pay $1 a pico, and the rice is unloaded into one of his houses. He doesn't pay on the spot. Oh! no, that isn't his system. He swears that he cannot pay until he has shipped and got his money from Iloilo. The rice grower knows that is a lie and that Pap has money buried in all directions. But he swallows it and goes home for a week. Pap puts him off from week to week until the rice grower begins talking about bolos (swords). Then one day Pap meets him weeping. The market in Iloilo went to smash just as his shipment arrived and he only got 60 cents a pico for the rice and can pay no more. Then the rice grower and his family and his laborers come to town and camp before Pap's door for a week, and the bickering begins at 4 A. M. and continues through the day and into the night until the breeze blows over the mountain instead of from the sea. At last Pap grudgingly pays 80 cents a pico, and the rice grower and his tribe go their way, glad to get anything. Meanwhile that rice has never gone further than a warehouse at the nearest seaport, for Pap is rich and can afford to hold until the price in Iloilo is $3.50 or $4 a pico.

You may be tempted to say after reading this that this is no place for a white man to do business. That is a mistake. When the white man starts to do business here it will be a knock-out for all other business men. With a half-decent wage the native will be content as a laborer and clerk. In the future there will be dozens of hardwood syndicates, pina cloth syndicates, pottery trusts, basket factories and mining syndicates. One of our men who has prospected in the States has samples of pay, ore both gold and copper, from the mountains on this island. What puzzles me is that the American traders don't come faster.

By the way, here is an inventory of the contents of a Filipino store in this pueblo:

One barrel bottled beer. Half empty, all warm, no ice. It is too much trouble for the shopkeeper to put it in water to cool.

Four one-pound packages of alleged tea. Tastes and smells like mouldy hay.

One bunch of bananas, all rotten.

One bunch of bananas, all green.

One soldier's blue shirt, labelled "Price, $10." Uncle Sam's price, $1.78.

One gin bottle full of beno, warranted to kill at 1,800 yards.

One glass jar of fly-specked peppermint drops.

Four packages Filipino tobacco, visibly mouldy.

One bolt of red calico, also fly-specked—but that makes no difference.

One bottle of lemon extract, two bottles of chemicals, that mixed, foam like a seidlitz powder; half bottle white sugar, full of ants, one dirty bucket of dirty water, one lemonade shaker, one cracked tumbler, very dirty. When the native storekeeper makes a luke warm dirty drink that he calls lemonade out of these ingredients, he wears an air of triumph that would knock a New York barkeeper silly. The customer fishes out the ants.

One can of American salmon.

One can of American corned beef.

One can of California peaches, stolen from Uncle Sam. Price, $5.

One fine tooth comb. The proprietor combs his own hair with it to show customers how it works.

One tooth brush. When you price it the shopkeeper rubs his teeth with it to show you what it is for.

LAZY LIFE ON SOUTHERN RIVERS

How the Natives Make a Living and Have an Easy Time in Summer.

From the Chicago Record.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 9.—Perhaps the dreamiest, laziest existence in America is the life on the Southern rivers in summer. It is at this season of the year that thousands of people—men, women and children—are to be seen catching turtles, hunting pearls, collecting mussel shells, fishing on the sand bars, capturing water snakes or dragging submerged walnut logs from the water. Hundreds of shanty boats, taking fish and bartering all sorts of goods with the natives, ply from one landing to another. The river people are satisfied with no other mode of existence and rarely ever abandon its seductive charm.

The Tennessee River is the greatest fresh water turtle stream in the world, and the Cumberland is famous for its prolific turtle fields. The Tennessee has its source in the mountains and cuts its way through a rocky country, rendering it perfectly clear at normal depth. The turtles of the clear streams, though smaller, are more valuable in the markets than the huge monsters taken from the muddy Mississippi. There are huge turtle pens along the Tennessee River, where hundreds of them are kept securely after beingcaptured. Some turtles have been taken from the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers which the natives swear would weigh from 400 to 600 pounds. These enormous catches are rare, and the money is made by selling the smaller ones. Washington and New York furnish the best markets, and many "a diamond-backed Chesapeake terrapin" of the famous caterers really came from Tennessee.

Turtle meat is as great a favorite dish with the Southerner as the 'possum. The Southern negro has a proverb that the turtle feeds on fish, chicken, eggs, cresses and the choicest country delicacies, until his own flesh partakes of all their various flavors. They positively assert they can distinguish all these flavors. The small turtles are captured for food and the larger ones for their shells, of which many domestic articles are made. The heaviest hauls are taken in huge frame traps set in the swiftest channel of a bayou. The negro locates a turtle sitting in shallow water and wades in after him with a forked stick. They tease the turtle until he becomes mad and pokes out his head to hiss, then the forked stick goes over his head and the turtle is hauled out of the water. The large ones are killed outright and boiled in giant pots until the shell comes off. The shells are then scraped and polished.

The pearl hunters throng the river every summer. Thousands of them are wading and dredging for the mussel or fresh-water clam. The shells of several varieties are gathered by the ton and shipped up the Mississippi River to the pearl-button factories. There are a dozen varieties of the mussel, but only two—the niggerhead and the sand shell—are valuable to the factories. Along the river are shacks in scores, in which the families engaged in the hunt find shelter. Outside are long troughs filled with water. Huge caldrons are mounted on brick foundations, and the shells are boiled in these. Punts, rafts, flat boats and skiffs are used in the catch. A trap made of heavy plumbers' pipe is placed over each boat. To the pipe are strung lines set at six-inch intervals, which run fore and aft. Four-pronged hooks made of old wire are fastened to the lines. The boat is pushed out from the bank for work.

The fresh-water clam points his nose upstream and invariably keeps his mouth open. He lies on the river bottom waiting for something to come along, when he will greedily seize it and never let go. The trap with the dozens of hooks is tilted over the side of the punt lying upstream and the clams at once lay violent hold upon it, as many as can get a grip on a prong. The fisherman hauls them in until his boat is filled.

THERE LIES A FAITHFUL SLAVE.

A Good Story of the Ante-Bellum Days From Western Missouri.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Every successful man is more or less of a selfish man. The devoted fail."

This is the inscription on a gravestone not far from Harrisonville, Cass county, Mo.

Somebody who has kept up with the long list of fiction will tell you that the words were written by Thomas Hardy in his story of "Jude the Obscure." No matter. They are carved on the gravestone in the church yard just off a country road that leads to the little county seat on the western border of Missouri. The grave is older than the slab by more than a quarter of a century. For more twenty-five years the final rest of the occupant was marked by a tree, for there was no other tree within a mile or more of the place. One day a storm started somewhere in Kansas and crossed over into Missouri. For nearly a year people pointed out its course. It was two miles wide. It was 100 miles long. Not a living thing that stopped in the sweep of the tornado escaped. It twisted the old tree that had stood as sentinel and signboard for this grave and tore its roots from the ground.

In 1849 Dr. Hugh McReynolds, the faithful old physician of the first people who made the community, joined the gold search which whitened the Western plains that year with covered wagons, which made a trail over the mountains and around the cañons and wound its way to the land where the sun went down. One devoted servant was with him, a slave. His wife remained behind to care for the old missus and the children. The summer ripened the fruits and grain of Missouri; the harvest followed; the leaves turned yellow and fell; the snow whitened the earth and the housetops, and spring returned before tidings came back to waiting ones of the safe arrival of master and servant. And then there was another long wait, and after that news of success. From time to time this was repeated. The fortune had been realized. The separation was mellowed by anticipated return. There were no couriers or messengers in that time, so that the long silence was considered to mean that the homeward journey was under way. Nearly four months of this silence. Nearly four months of watching and waiting, maybe praying, for even then there was that simple faith which was more than Norman blood.

Across the prairie of Cass county there came one night a man double-weighted. About his waist, in his pockets, in his hands a fortune. Gold coin and gold dust and quartz. In his heart a message of sorrow. It was night when the lights of the village greeted his coming. He made his journeying slower, until all the lights went out, one by one, and then the messenger came to the house, crept into the barn and rested until the sun was up.

Harrisonville was still a village. The single cry of anguish which broke from the home to which the messenger of fortune and sorrow had come was heard in every house. All day people went from their own places with consolation, and returned to console one another. They met in the street and wept. Later in the day they met in the sanctuary of the town and appealed for that help which is the last resort when human aid gives up. Then the tidings travelled into the country, and people from the farmhouses came in to weep with those who wept. For days the topic of the village was the fact that the faithful old physician who had healed so many in his time was beyond recall.

Some time after, when grief had spent itself, the people heard the story of the journey of the black man who had returned in obedience to his master's request, and his sense of duty as well.

In Calaveras county master and servant worked together, sometimes digging, sometimes in the gulch, in patient search for the treasure of the earth. Their labor was rewarded beyond expectation. Then came an epidemic in the camp. The master stopped his search for gold and ministered to the sick. His servant was his nurse. They were not always successful. It is appointed to all men to die, even when they are away from home, toiling for those who are at home. The epidemic was merciless. The old physician sometimes acted in the capacity of minister after he had failed in his other mission. He received the messages of the dying, closed their eyes and consoled the bereaved. In some cases he assisted in the sepulchre of the dead.

The epidemic did not release its fevered grasp until there were more dead in the valley than living. Then like an insatiate fiend it turned upon the devoted physician, and he died in the arms of his faithful slave. In the last hour of his life he committed to his servant all he had accumulated, allotting to him his portion, and his freedom, on condition that the servant return to his mistress in Missouri with her portion.

There were human harpies then as there are now, and as there ever will be until the good time promised by the patriarchs from the beginning shall come. Some of these were in Calaveras county, and when they failed in robbing the living they despoiled the dead. To escape these was the problem of the faithful servant and messenger. Although he had lived inland all his life up to this time he knew there was a way out other than the long, tedious, barren trail by which they had come into the new country. He had heard men talk of the sea. Not likely he had any conception of its immensity or its uncertain conditions. He only knew it was one way out. By stratagem, by exposure, by lonely walks, often by night; in the thunder and lightning of canyon, and gulch, mountain and vale, often an hungered, more frequently wearied by physical ailment, he reached San Francisco with his treasure, the value of which was estimated at $15,000. He saw the sea and heard for the first time the sound thereof which is either anthem or requiem. He only knew, as he had heard it in a vague way in the camp, that men went down to this sea in ships. He knew, perhaps by intuition, that there was a long voyage around the Cape, and that doubled, there was still an uncertain one which might land him in New York. He only knew that New York was somewhere toward sunrise, as he knew that San Francisco lay in the track of sunset. But between the sea with its storms and the back trail with its human harpies and deserts and savages, he chose the sea. Like all men of his race his was a religious nature, guided and sustained by that superstition which might if properly analyzed and applied, make better Christians of men enlightened. When some one said to him that the sea was uncontrollable by man, he replied that he had heard that the Christ had said to it "Peace, be still," and he had never heard anything about the same power subduing the multitude when it was enraged. Therefore, he chose the sea.

It was a weary, tempestuous voyage. More than once the ship went out of her course, and three times her crew mutinied. Once they bound him hand and foot and carried him to the ship's side to pitch him into the waters as a propitiation to the wraith. This was circumvented by his promise to give each sailor $5 when the ship reached New York. Not a living soul on shipboard knew of his treasure, else he would never have left it alive. Oftentimes he was required to do service under orders, and it was usually work of the most menial character.

The ship reached the port of New York after a voyage of nearly four months. The faithful servant paid to each one of the crew who had bound him the sum promised and presented the captain with a larger sum for his consideration. The journey from New York was by stage to Pittsburg. Thence down the Ohio River and up the Mississippi by steamboat to St. Louis. From St. Louis up the Missouri by similar means of transportation to Westport Landing, now Kansas City. Thence by wagon and horseback to Harrisonville. In proof, as if any were necessary, of his perils by sea he carried a certificate from the captain of the ship.

Within less than two years there was an epidemic in Missouri. It travelled like the fire in the dry grasses of a prairie. It fastened itself upon such out-of-the-way places as Harrisonville, and wasted human life as mercilessly as the sirocco of Algiers. One of its victims was the wife of the good old physician who had given up his life in the camp in Calaveras. As he had nursed his master to the end, the faithful servant attended his mistress in her last days. There were no charity societies then; no homes for the aged; no community of appeal. The epidemic had smitten the village, and those who survived were penniless. In that hour the faithful old slave, whose freedom had been earned but never accepted, came to the relief of the stricken; and his portion of the treasure bequeathed went to the amelioration of the people among whom his master had lived before he became a Forty-niner. When the servant died he was buried beneath the old tree which shaded and sheltered the grave of his wife. The bit of ground, just enough for two dead bodies, was all this old servant had when he came to close his eyes forever. And so when the hurricane from Kansas levelled the tree above his remains some one knowing the story of his life put the slab over his grave on which is his name:

ASA MCREYNOLDS.

And beneath it the sentence from Thomas Hardy.

The Farthest-North Civil War Fights.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LANCASTER, Mo., June 14.—During the last term of the Schuyler County Court a discussion arose among the attorneys one evening as to the location of the most northern battle of the Civil War. Several of the United States histories refer to Lee's attack on Meade at Gettysburg as the scene of the most northern battle. There was a skirmish at Lancaster in November, 1861, and a regular pitched battle at Athens, in Clarke County, Mo., in which several were killed on both sides. The latter fight occurred the first Monday in August of that year. Both of these points are sixty or seventy miles north of Gettysburg, and were close to the Iowa line. In all three of these Northern battles of the war the Federals were victorious.

CHEERS FOR THE MONSOON.

HOUSE OF COMMONS REJOICES OVER NEWS FROM INDIA.

Danger of Famine to England—Criticisms of the Indian Press—Complaint That the British Government Gives No Aid, but Exacts Unremitting Taxation—Hard Facts.

The British House of Commons the other day was so far roused from its habitual apathy when Indian affairs are under discussion as to receive the information with a succession of hearty cheers that the monsoon had broken on the parched soil of the famine districts. Lord George Hamilton, the Secretary of State for India, is described as having given the welcome news in a voice of tremulous uncertainty, and when the House seized the importance of the event it gave full expression to the sense of relief which overcame it. If the reports of persons quite recently returned from India are to be credited, a successful monsoon may go a long way to avert serious trouble in that country. A man associated with one of the missionary societies, who left India a few weeks ago, has expressed the opinion that the maintenance of English rule out there depends now on an expenditure of money or blood. He gave as his reason for putting the case so strongly the fact that, even if the rains are all that are hoped for, the loss of ploughing cattle has been so unprecedented that the impoverished and enfeebled peasants will have no means of cultivating the land. The cattle have died literally by hundreds of thousands, and cannot be replaced, according to the lowest estimate, under $5,000,000. Then the wretched people will need food and shelter until the crops, supposing they succeed in getting the seed into the ground, come to maturity. A correspondent of the *Times of India* depicts their condition in the following sentences:

"These poor people, before they left their village homes for the far-off famine works, had to sell everything to satisfy the gnawing cravings of hunger; even the flimsy materials of their huts were disposed of either for fuel or for grain. They are now quite worn out by constant and unfamiliar work, sustained only by a scanty diet. Their clothes, if any, are threadbare and hardly sufficient to ensure decency, much less to cover their bodies. In this condition, if they are exposed to the inclemency of the rains when they return to their villages, they will simply die by thousands. All the endeavors of the Government are directed only toward keeping them alive. Clothing for them is urgently required."

A large money grant by the British Government in order to start the Indian peasant in the famine area once more in life is, in the opinion of the man referred to, imperatively called for. If for want of such assistance the favorable season passes away without a crop being got into the ground, and the people have again to face famine with its attendant consequences of plague and pestilence because the British Government refused the needed help, then he thinks it will have to make its hold of India good by the expenditure of blood.

Already Indian papers are contrasting the action of the Government of the Czar during the last great famine in Russia with the inaction of the British Government in this supreme crisis in India, with nearly sixty millions of people in the grip of hunger, plague and cholera. The Russian Government spent close on $120,000,000 of its spare resources to relieve the distress of its moujiks, while the scanty relief (below the prison standard) which the British Indian Government gives its starving ryots is taken out of their own taxation or from borrowings which they will have to make good out of their future earnings, the land revenue being the main source of the Indian Government's income.

The Indian press, growing bolder as the crisis increases in gravity, further points out that while the British Government gives no active aid to its Indian subjects in their extremity, it makes no remittances of taxes, as was customary under the native rulers in times of distress, but vigorously exacts the last fraction of taxation due by the impoverished ryots. It likewise continues the drain of revenue to England to pay what are called the "home charges," among them such a charge as $23,750,000 exacted annually to pay the cost of maintenance in England of the depots of regiments serving in India. It is estimated that the total drain from India to England this year will amount to not less than $80,000,000, for which no commercial return or equivalent in any shape whatever will be made; the total similarly abstracted during the last twenty years being put at the stupendous figure of $2,500,000,000. It is such hard, incontrovertible facts as these that give point to the complaints and protests—for they are nothing more as yet—of the Indian press and Indian public speakers on Indian affairs. The only offset to what England takes out of India officially, as described, is a private relief fund up to date of about $1,750,000. But that, with cheers for the monsoon, is obviously insufficient to meet the requirements of the situation.

LIGHTNING'S LONG LEAP.

Two and One-Half Miles Across Clear Sky to Swat Mr. Smith's Barn.

From the Lewiston Evening Journal.

SOUTH SMITHFIELD, Me., July 9.—A singular phenomenon was witnessed by a party of Waterville people yesterday forenoon while on the way to East Pond. Over the north of Rome and across Smithfield a thunderstorm was in progress. In that section where the party was at the time the phenomenon occurred, the sun was shining brightly and the southern edge of the rain belt was afterward determined as three and a half miles away.

The party was just driving down a hill and the country for several miles was stretching before the party and in plain view. The rain fell in torrents along the ridge three miles away and the lightning flashed every few seconds. To the eastward are the farm buildings of Howard Smith, on the ridge across the valley and in the sunshine at the time. The buildings are one mile north of where the party was riding. A bolt of lightning was seen to leave the heavy bank of clouds at the top of the hill or ridge which was being deluged by the storm, and, zigzagging its course across the clear space for a distance of at least two and a half miles, strike the barn of the Smith place. A cloud of what was supposed at the time to be smoke, but what afterward proved to have been nothing but dust, arose and the ladies and gentlemen in the carriage supposed that the great barn would be destroyed by fire.

The party at once changed its course for the purpose of going to the assistance of the farmer. When the Smith home was reached it was seen the bolt had torn an irregular course from one end of the ridgepole diagonally down the roof to the lower corner at the farther end of the barn, thence to a fence, splitting rails and posts; bouncing over to the well curb and upsetting that; finally spending itself along the ground in the direction of the highway. Mr. Smith's damage will amount to not more than $5, and that will be taken up entirely in replacing shingles.

A visit was paid to the barn, in which there were two horses, the rest of the stock being in the pasture. The horses were trembling with fear and when spoken to by the owner did not appear to notice him. Tests were made and it was determined that the horses were still stunned from the shock and that their hearing had been affected. Mr. Smith unhitched both horses and by speaking to them tried to drive them from their stalls, but it was in vain, the horses paying no attention to him. The horses were at last led out of the barn and walked about for a time. Then Mr. Smith stepped behind them some distance and spoke to them. The animals at once turned around and went to him. Chickens that were about the yard at the time the bolt fell were rendered unconscious, and for more than an hour, although alone and wandering about, were still so dazed that they would run against obstacles in the yard. The trail of the bolt in the earth was not wider than two inches and did not penetrate the ground at a greater depth. When the bolt arrived at the highway it must have taken a flight into space, as the trail stops suddenly with no indication of the bolt having gone into the ground.

Mr. Smith said that at the time the bolt struck his barn he was observing the progress of the storm west and north and that the eastern edge of the cloud, near the northern extremity, seemed to be afire with lightning and that the thin streaks of fire darted out of the edge of the cloud far into the clear section every few seconds.

Baby's Lonely Ride Down Stream.

From the Philadelphia Press.

SELINSGROVE, Pa., July 10.—Four-year-old Jennie Burke, who resides with her parents near Liverpool, Perry county, strayed away from her home unobserved on Monday to the bank of the Susquehanna River. A skiff was lightly beached on the shore, and the tot got into it. The boat loosened its hold and drifted away.

After several hours had elapsed the mother thought of her child and instituted a search, but without success. She then thought of the river, and went to the place where the boat had been beached, and where she and her child had so often gone for recreation for the latter.

She was filled with horror to observe that the boat was not there, firmly believing that the child had been in it and had been carried away with it. Her fears proved well founded.

To-day, after an all-night search, word was brought that the child was found in the boat twenty miles away well and unscathed.